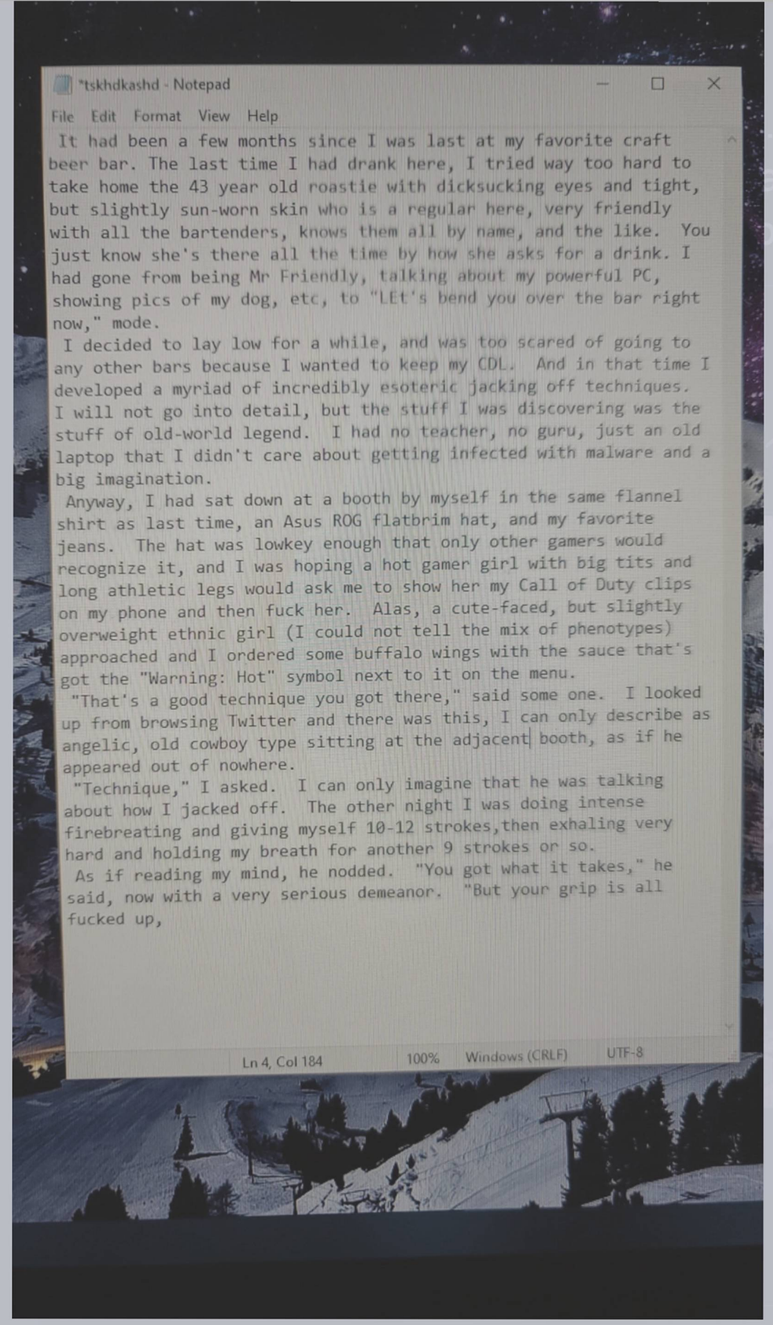
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It had been a few months since I was last at my favorite craft beer bar. The last time I had drank here, I tried way too hard to take home the 43 year old roastie with dicksucking eyes and tight, but slightly sun-worn skin who is a regular here, very friendly with all the bartenders, knows them all by name, and the like. You just know she's there all the time by how she asks for a drink. I had gone from being Mr Friendly, talking about my powerful PC, showing pics of my dog, etc, to "LEt's bend you over the bar right now," mode.
I decided to lay low for a while, and was too scared of going to any other bars because I wanted to keep my CDL. And in that time I developed a myriad of incredibly esoteric jacking off techniques. I will not go into detail, but the stuff I was discovering was the stuff of old-world legend. I had no teacher, no guru, just an old laptop that I didn't care about getting infected with malware and a big imagination.
Anyway, I had sat down at a booth by myself in the same flannel shirt as last time, an Asus ROG flatbrim hat, and my favorite jeans. The hat was lowkey enough that only other gamers would recognize it, and I was hoping a hot gamer girl with big tits and long athletic legs would ask me to show her my Call of Duty clips on my phone and then fuck her. Alas, a cute-faced, but slightly overweight ethnic girl (I could not tell the mix of phenotypes) approached and I ordered some buffalo wings with the sauce that's got the "Warning: Hot" symbol next to it on the menu.
"That's a good technique you got there," said some one. I looked up from browsing Twitter and there was this, I can only describe as angelic, old cowboy type sitting at the adjacent booth, as if he appeared out of nowhere.
"Technique," I asked. I can only imagine that he was talking about how I jacked off. The other night I was doing intense firebreating and giving myself 10-12 strokes,then exhaling very hard and holding my breath for another 9 strokes or so.
As if reading my mind, he nodded. "You got what it takes," he said, now with a very serious demeanor. "But your grip is all fucked up,
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